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JUDGE

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The Consumer—"The market is against ***me.***"

BUST THE FARMERS' TRUST.

Judge

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PEN-POINTS.

EVERY one—except corrupt politicians—wishes Governor Hughes, of New York, the greatest of success in his attempt to equip the ship of state with wireless politics.

. . .

Let the Black Hand be amputated at once.

. . .

Many are the tributes paid to the last of the Victorian poets, the late Charles Algernon Swinburne. The literary world, however, is waiting for the "In Memoriam" to be written by the present poet laureate of England, Alfred Austin.

. . .

Those who predict the end of the world in 1914 forget that such a disturbance would seriously interfere with the plans of William J. Bryan for 1916.

. . .

Recently there appeared in many newspapers, under the caption "Literary Notes," a story telling how a certain author had written a love story based upon love affairs of Edgar Allan Poe. Part of the novel, according to the published account, was written with a pen the holder of which was made from a piece of Poe's coffin. Quotation marks tell the reader that only a portion of the manuscript was written with this pen, as it was too uncanny and suggested too many unpleasant thoughts. Since the publication of this newspaper story, the author's press agent is said to have been swamped with offers from actors and actresses.

. . .

New York recently added a car for exclusive use of women to its subway trains. The *Evening Post*, of that city, is the authority for the assertion that there is no truth in the rumor that trains in the future will leave at 11:59 and 1:44, instead of 12:00 and 1:45.

PUZZLES FOR VACATION DAYS.

VACATION days are coming. In his issue after next, JUDGE will publish a special, double Vacation Number, just to remind you that the season has opened. Of course JUDGE will be your guest on all your summer outings. As in the past, he will tell you humorous stories, show you "funny" pictures, share his best jokes with you, etc.; but this season, in addition, he will amuse you with clever puzzle pictures. This feature should make JUDGE a welcome guest in many a hammock, canoe, yacht, etc.

The stay-at-homes and the shut-ins will surely enjoy this feature. It is bound to be a favorite with the little tots, who already are learning to "laugh for JUDGE"; when they become acquainted with the puzzle feature, they "will not be contented without it." Right here JUDGE wants to call attention to the decision of an eminent psychologist that puzzle pictures—if of the right sort—do as much to develop the child as the lessons of the classroom. The puzzle pictures of JUDGE will be of the right sort, for they will be prepared under the supervision of Grant E. Hamilton, who formerly drew the puzzle pictures for the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

A word of advice to the maidens who go to the mountains and seashore. Bring up your future husband to read JUDGE, and as he grows old he will have a sunny disposition. There is no time like the present to begin this training. Get him interested in the puzzle feature. JUDGE will do the rest. Low fees guaranteed.

P. S. Of course there will be plenty of prizes for the best answers. Watch for the puzzle announcement in an early issue.

IN MOST States the fishing season has opened. The important question at such times is whether the cork is pulled under by the fish more often than it is pulled out by the fisherman. Reliable statistics on this subject are wanted.

HE'S A WIZ.!!!
"H-A-R-R-I-M-A-N. That's me."

THE CIRCUS TRUST.

The Last Words of the Muck-raker.

IT IS strange that the Circus Trust has been so long allowed to go immune from the shafts of the investigator. But its time has come.

First of all, there is a Circus Trust. No more do we find rival advertising men following each other about with armfuls of streamers, labeled, "Wait for Barnum's!" "Wait for Sells Brothers'!" "Wait for Ringling Brothers'!" Not so. The last named has gobbled them all. Out of the West has come this new set of englamoured proprietors, to be cruelly exploited by the festive, ubiquitous, and unbashful press agent, although the old set of adjectives, unabated and unsimplified, remains, just the same as if there were more than one set of circus proprietors in captivity, secured at great expense and presented for the first time to a breathless public.

There is one very good thing about the Circus Trust. It does not shrink from publicity, not even when they feed the animals. Thus, much of the work of exposing it is dispensed with. Another good thing is that they have not raised the price. Fifty and twenty-five still admit to everything, from the Enormous Entering Ensemble to the races of the Huge Hip-hip-hurrah Hippodrome. No extra charge, except for reserved seats, the concert, fans, peanuts, lemonade, and the side show, including the fat woman, the living skeleton, and the human pin cushion.

The chief objection to the Circus Trust is that it gives us more than we can look at. Accordingly it ought to be investigated by Congress, and it is to be hoped that Congress will not be bribed by a few paltry passes.

ELLIS O. JONES.

NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING.

"Enuff," were his last gurgling words, then all was over.

IT IS reported that the peach crop will be unusually large this year. This will be good news to junk dealers, who have discovered that Easter hats of this season make excellent peach baskets.

WONDER OF WONDERS.

A YOUNG man writing to his sweetheart, started his letter this way:

"Dear Mabel—As this is Sunday, and I had nothing else to do, I thought I would write to you."

He wondered why he never heard from her again.

FADS AND FINANCE.

Mrs. Gramercy—"Why doesn't your church get a minister who preaches the higher criticism?"

Mrs. Dorcas—"How can we, my dear? We can't afford to pay one more than $1,500 a year."

A SHATTERED ILLUSION.

Friend—"Why are you sorry you started your 'Answers to Correspondence' column?"

Editor—"I always supposed my paper appealed to a sensible class, but the questions they ask prove them to be the biggest fools outside the lunatic asylum."

BASEBALL AGAIN.

HE SWINGS the bat,
The ball goes spat—
A strike out ends the inning;
And far away
From that fierce fray,
A crowd drifts home, a-grinning.

SCHOOL DAYS IN 1915.

Mother—"Willie, you come right down with your airship, and get ready for school."

Son—"Won't!"

Mother—"I'm ashamed to have the women of the town catching such a retort over their wireless circuits. You come down now!"

Son—"Won't!"

Mother—"Then I will signal that flying policeman to bring you down."

Son—"I'm coming down!"

CLEAR THE TRACK!

JUDGE'S FAVORITE.

JULIA MARLOWE.

To be a star, a star of worth,
This is a gift but rarely given.
You 've talent for a star on earth,
And beauty of a star in heaven.

WHY HE WAS TIMID.

SO YOU are afraid to umpire a baseball game."

"I am," answered the little man.

"Afraid of a few harsh words?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know the players wouldn't dare to hurt you."

"Players? I'm not bothering about the players. But if I undertake to see this game through, I am almost certain to be late for dinner."

A LITTLE widow now and then
Will land the most discreet of men.

BETTER TIMES IN SIGHT.

The good husband—"Things are looking decidedly better, dear. I noticed at least a dozen good-looking girls on my way home from the office. This is the first time in a long while that I have observed that there were any to see."

The good wife—"Well, John, you really must be feeling pretty good again. But I don't know whether I am glad or sorry to hear it."

THE WIRELESS EPOCH.

"Squirm, ye darn critter! I guess that Macroni wireless fence will hold ye in yer own pasture."

WHAT DOES IT.

"But fwhat poozles me, 'Tirince, is fwhat the mischief kapes him up."
"Shure, 'tis little ye know, Pat Healy, uv the tirrific force o' gravitashun."

A DIVISION OF LABOR.

BOBBY had been unusually quiet for several hours, so quiet, indeed, that his mother began to worry over the great quantities of stillness that came from the room in which he was sitting. Finally, unable to stand the strain any longer, she rose up from her work and went into the nursery.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" she said, as she discovered the little chap curled up in a chair with a very solemn expression on his face.

"Thinkin' and wishin'," replied Bobby.

"What about, dear?" asked his mother.

"I was thinkin' how nice it would be if I was twins," he answered. "Then the other one could do the studyin' at school and I could stay home and play; and then, when I did something naughty, why you could spank him. When I was sick he could take the castor oil, and "——

"And when you had some candy, what then?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I'd eat it," said Bobby. "It wouldn't do for me to let him get sick."

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISINC.

FOUND—VALUABLE PIN. HEAVY REWARD WILL be paid for return of small boy. Address Chairseat, Box 16.

FOUND—SOLITAIRE RING, FORMERLY THE PROPerty of "Anna." Will be returned to young man by present owner. Communicate Indignant, Fifth Avenue.

LOST—TUESDAY NIGHT, BETWEEN ELEVEN AND twelve o'clock, valuable kitty. Address Ace High, Box 38.

FOUND—LARGE STRAWBERRY AT THE BOTTOM OF the box. Will be returned to grocer upon proper identification. Honesty Best Policy, Box 394.

LOST—ONE TRAIN. REWARD FOR RETURN OF same to Loneville Station. Address Commuter.

THOUGH music is the food of love, much of it could not be guaranteed under the pure-food law.

ALL IN THE NAME.

Madge—"What kind of a trunk are you going to buy?"

Marjorie—"I've looked all through the catalogue, but I just can't make up my mind. They have the same lovely names you see painted on the Pullman cars."

AS A RULE, the softest things require the softest repositories. Perhaps that's why we all place pillows under our heads.

BUT WE HAVE TO, JUST THE SAME.

THE YARNS OF CAPTAIN FIBB.

. " Me balloon sprung aleak and all the gas escaped right in the middle of Siberia, ten thousand miles from home. I fixed the leak, but there wuz no gas to be had within a thousand miles, so I wuz plumb up ag'in' it.——

2. —— Then, to make things worse, a book agent comes along and gives me a buzz! I couldn't escape him, and he had me dead to rights.——

3. —— But, say! that agent hands out such a nobby line of hot air that I gits a bright idee! I grabs the mouth of the gas-bag and holds it up in front of him ——

4. ——and bust me with a marline spike if that gas-bag didn't begin to swell right up with the gas the slick gent wuz handin' out!——

5. —— And in a few minutes it wuz filled up tighter 'n a drum.——

6. —— So I hops in and shoots up in the air like a streak, and sails home with the finest quality of gas I ever sailed under!"

TWO RIBS BROKEN.

SEVERAL PEOPLE saw him slip on a wet step and fall. Partly extricating himself from his umbrella he set up such a wail of distress that every one in hearing ran to his assistance regardless of the drenching rain.

"Are you hurt?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Anything broken?" demanded another.

"Only two ribs," he muttered in tones of deep anguish as he wiped his bleared face on his sleeve.

Helping him up, a kind man dragged him into a drug store. One thoughtful person suggested a glass of brandy; another, more generous, said there were two ribs broken, and a second glass followed the first.

"That 'll make you feel better, old man. Ribs hurt you now?"

"What ribs?" he puzzled, smacking his lips.

"Why, the ones you said were broken!"

"Oh," he replied, getting on his feet and moving toward the door. "Dey was de ribs in me umbrella."

DUST.

THE thing from which
We come, 'tis said,
And to which we
Return when dead.

Also the thing,
It doth appear,
For which we hustle
While we 're here.

J. R.

THERE is no more dangerous habit than that of "dropping remarks." They may be picked up again.

HUMOR.

SOME men are born humorous.

Some men strike us as excruciatingly funny, because they do not realize it themselves.

And some men just send in "jokes" which are quickly thrust back upon them.

ELLIS O. JONES.

A PERSON may have many good points, but if he is to make himself useful he can't be like a picket fence; he must keep moving.

BLINDNESS FROM FALLING.

Fair client—"I wonder whether it is possible for a person to become blind from a fall?"
Expert lawyer—"Yes. Persons often become blind from falling in love."

A DIFFERENCE.

IT WAS a sale of trotters at the Madison Square Garden. The usual crowd of motleys gathered about the auctioneer's stand as a bay mare finished her speed trial around the ring. The auctioneer quoted the animal's pedigree and the performances of all of its sires and dams, and extolled the blood lines and the individual he was about to sell.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, as he concluded his exordium, "the owners consigning stock to this sale are called upon by us to guarantee only two points about their entries as to their soundness. One is their eyes and the other is their wind. Now the owner of this mare guarantees her eyes, but not her wind. She's a bit touched in her wind. When you take her out of this ring she is your horse, just as you take your girl, for better or for worse. Now, gentlemen, how much am I bid?"

There was a pause, then a Southerner sang out,

"When I takes miah gurl, I'll take a chance; but when I buy miah hosses, I want 'em sound."

There was a shout.

"Lead her out. Next number," shouted the auctioneer.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

MAUDE ADAMS, IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS."

"EXTRA DRY."

1. *Hippo*—"Now for a nice big drink, and then a sitz-bath."

2. *Hippo*—"Oh, sugar! I should have had the bath first!"

THE BURGLAR'S WATERLOO.

THE burglar bold slipped under the bed,
As burglars bold will do;
He folded his feet and tucked in his head,
And waited an hour or two.
At last she came—by all the stars,
That burglar will never forget;
She mauled him and placed him behind the bars,
For she was a suffragette.

THERE FOR A PURPOSE.

"HE IS in the public eye just at present."

"Really? What's he doing?"

"Putting dust in it, I guess."

COULDN'T LET THE CHANCE SLIP BY.

Mother—"Johnny, Johnny, why are you slapping little sister?"

Johnny (sullenly)—"Aunty made me."

Aunty—"Why, Johnny, how can you tell such a falsehood?"

Johnny—"Well, you did. You said you'd never kiss me again if I hurted my little sister."

KNEW WHEN TO ACT THE PART.

"ARE you afraid of thunder and lightning?"

"Depends upon whether I have male company in the parlor or not."

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PLEAS

The PEN is MIGHTIE

EASED.

MIGHTIER than the Sword.

TWO WAYS.

Miss Boston—"The picture was badly hung."
Miss Concord—"And yet very well executed."

QUITE A PROBLEM.

Mrs. Gramercy—"Women shouldn't be asked to remove their hats in public places."

Gramercy—"That's so, my dear; I don't see where they'd put them."

THE pun is naughtier than the swear-word.

If You Would Enjoy

a caressing, comforting and appetizing beverage as well as a strengthening and satisfying one, order a bottle of

Evans' Ale

EXCEPTIONAL MANNERS.

THERE was a fisherman polite
Whose manners were so fine,
Whene'er he went to catch a fish
He'd drop him first a line.

LIKE THE AMBITIOUS POLITICIANS.

First parlor match—"You and I are like those ambitious politicians."

Second parlor match—"Are we?"

First parlor match—"Yes; just as soon as we get up to where we've got an easy snap we lose our heads."

MAN AND HIS WAYS.

HE WILL not spade a flower bed;
That is too much. But wait—
He'll spade an acre lot instead
For worms to use for bait.

NOT DRUGS.

FOOD DID IT.

After using laxative and cathartic medicines from childhood, a case of chronic and apparently incurable constipation yielded to the scientific food, Grape-Nuts, in a few days.

"From early childhood I suffered with such terrible constipation that I had to use laxatives continuously, going from one drug to another and suffering more or less all the time.

"A prominent physician whom I consulted told me the muscles of the digestive organs were partially paralyzed and could not perform their work without help of some kind; so I have tried at different times about every laxative and cathartic known, but found no help that was at all permanent. I had finally become discouraged and had given my case up as hopeless, when I began to use the predigested food, Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had not expected this food to help my trouble, to my great surprise Grape-Nuts digested immediately from the first, and in a few days I was convinced that this was just what my system needed.

"The bowels performed their functions regularly, and I am now completely and permanently cured of this awful trouble.

"Truly the power of scientific food must be unlimited." "There's a Reason."

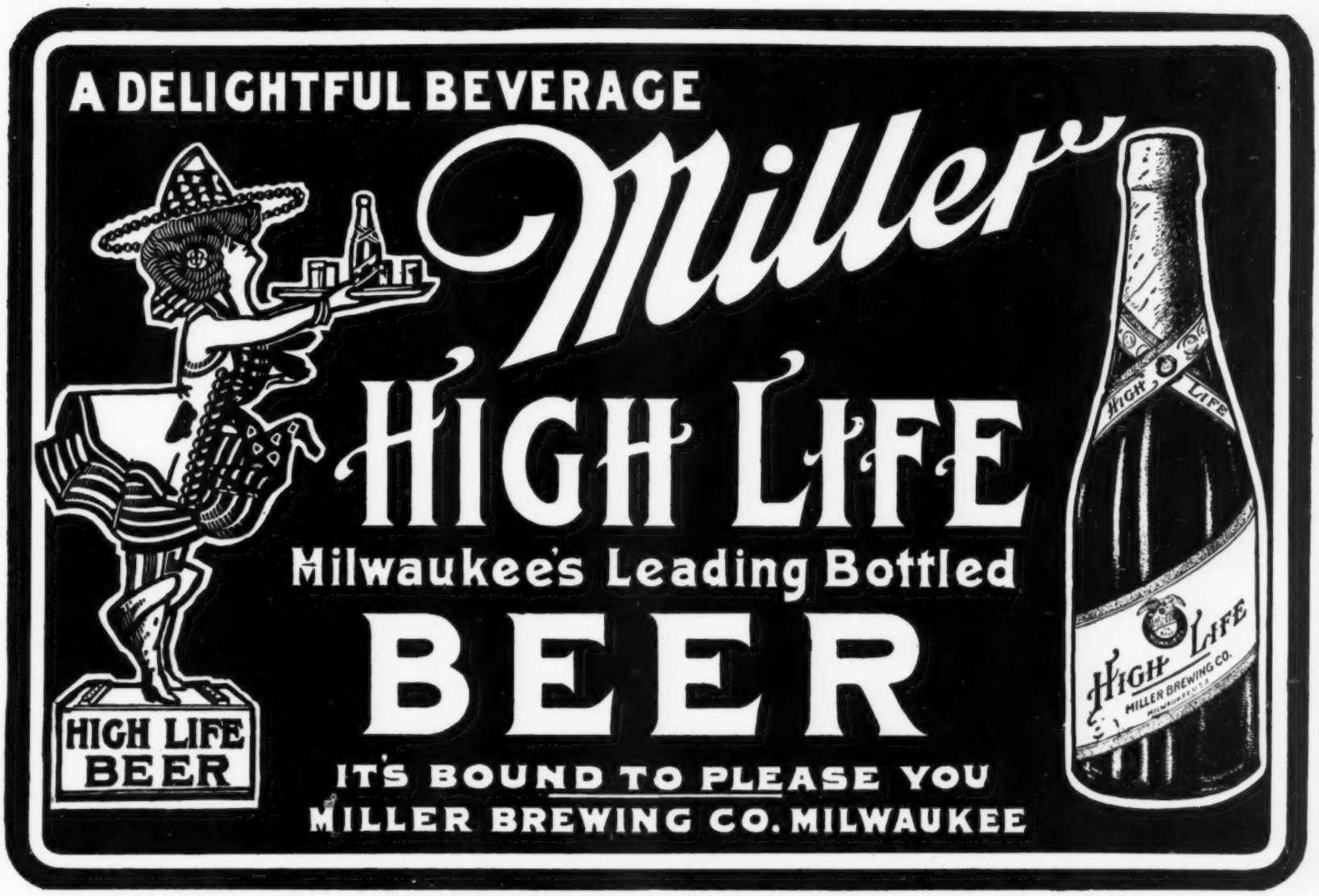
Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WARNING.

Mr. Monk—"I see by the *Jungle News* that it 's a scientific expedition, and that Teddy is only after specimens."

Mrs. Monk—"Then look out for yourself, for everybody says you 're the worst specimen of a husband in the neighborhood."



THE LADIES, THE TARIFF, AND THE AMERICAN PRESS.

THOSE who have followed the tariff agitation must be impressed by its greatness. Tariff measures have come before Congress, but never before have they achieved the gigantic proportions of the present agitation. Thoughtful observers see the cause of the increased agitation in the interference of American women. Members of the International Union of American Mothers say that the introduction of automatic cradle-rockers has taken from the woman the method by which she has ruled the world in the past, and that, being unwilling to yield this privilege to man, she has turned to tariff-making as the best substitute.

Be this as it may, it is true, beyond the permissibility of a doubt, that one must understand something of the present tariff discussions in order to interpret correctly the news of the day as it appears in the newspapers. For example, when one reads in the conservative and dignified New York *Tribune* a special dispatch from Chicago, which begins, "Women's stockings must not go higher; they are too high now," one could possibly misinterpret such an assertion, did one not know that tariff talk is in every one's mouth and these words must have been spoken of import duties on feminine hosiery. Doubtless the Louisville *Courier-Journal* had this Chicago dispatch in mind when it asks, "How about the legend that the severest tax upon the stocking is that imposed by the Chicago foot?" The legend to which the *Courier-Journal* refers is that bit of Christmas folklore about the Chicago girl who found a piano in her stocking on Christmas morning.

Many newspapers think that the tariff agitation will help woman suffrage. On this point the St. Joseph *Gazette* says, "If the Payne tax on stockings doesn't arouse the women of America to a point where they may get the ballot, the suffragettes may as well give up." There is, however, a considerable difference of opinion. The following advice is offered by the Rochester *Herald:* "We reckon that Sereno Payne will have to come out for woman suffrage to square himself." On the other hand, the Chicago *News* is pretty sure that "Chairman Payne, of the Ways and Means Committee, is now wondering what the deuce any woman wants the suffrage for." From New England comes the decision—published in the Providence *Bulletin*—"Grandmother's knitting needles stand poised, awaiting the outcome of the tariff hosiery dispute."

One of the best things about the new tariff measure is the inspiration it has given to American poets. From Wilbur D. Nesbit's "Lay of the Ancient Congressman," in the Chicago *Evening Post*, the following quotation is made:

"Full forty times the selfsame day
The postman at me shoves
A stack of letters, which do roar
About the tax on gloves.

"Full forty times the selfsame day
My correspondence shows
A heap of notes, which whale away
Against the tax on hose.

"'Tis women, women everywhere,
And not a man to aid—
Forsooth, the men likewise do swear
About the bills they've paid.

"Blue, pink, and purple notes they come,
And I am telling you
They make me gloomy, grim, and grum—
These tariff billet-doux.

"At night I fain would get some sleep,
But slumber not, indeed;
For well I know that in will creep
A stockinged centipede.

"My son, though heights of fame you storm,
And gain success beside,
The tariff you should not reform;
Best let the thing backslide!"

The postman brought unto his scan
More letters full of scorn;
A sadder, wiser congressman
He woke the morrow morn.

To the influence of these "blue, pink, and purple notes" is attributed the following speech of a Western congressman:

"What man, sir, is brave enough to stand on this floor and vote to deprive lovely woman of the pleasure she derives by dressing her tiny feet in the sanctuary of her boudoir? Without a selfish thought and with no commercial interest to defend, I rise here and now

SOMETHING FANCY WANTED.

Waiter—"Table d'hote, sir?"
Uncle Cy—"What's a tabledote?"
Waiter—"Course dinner, sir."
Uncle Cy—"Nit fur me. I git all the coarse grub I need to home, and when I git to town I want somethin' a bit fancy."

BLATZ
BEER
MILWAUKEE
The Label
The Voice of the People:
"Just the finest and most delightfully satisfying beer I've ever tasted."
Always the Same Good Old Blatz.
Order a case To-day
Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz."
Correspondence invited direct.
VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE

MUST BE.

"Why do the folks call a good-for-nothing fellow a bad egg?"

"I suppose it is because every egg has a yellow streak in it."—*Baltimore American.*

CO-EDUCATION.

"But," asked the first co-ed, "why did you elect to take up the study of German instead of French?"

"Oh," replied the other, "the German professor was so awfully handsome, you know."—*Catholic Times.*

50 YEARS AGO
Men drank to the health of fair women in brimming glasses of Cook's Imperial. Then, as now, no better could be had.
1859-1909
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF
COOK'S
IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE

"NESTOR" Green Label, 25c. "IMPORTED" 60c. "ROYAL NESTOR" Blue Label, 15c.
NESTOR
"The Original Egyptian"

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

seriously and emphatically to plead that this solar-plexus blow of injustice be not delivered. I plead for the hand of woman—that angelic part of her that rocks the cradle, extends the cup of water to the wounded soldier, and fans the brow of the fever-racked invalid."

In commenting on this speech, *Current Literature* says, "In the words of the up-to-date young college woman, that is 'going some.' But," continues *Current Literature*, "there are women and women. While the congressman was thus discoursing on 'tiny feet,' the women working in the hosiery mills of Philadelphia were getting ready for a parade to the railway station, in order to go to Washington on special trains, carrying banners such as these:

'Fifty Thousand Men, Women, and Children Depend on the Mills for Life; the Mills Must Run.'

'All We Ask Is 1 2-3 Cents More Duty on Every Pair of Foreign-made Hose.'"

If the young, up-to-date college woman should speak again, she would doubtless say that this is "getting down to brass tacks." There are hosts of newspapers that believe that the actions of these women workers in the hosiery mills of Pennsylvania should thunder louder in halls of Congress than the perfumed notes of imported-gowned women or the flowery words of a clever congressman.

With its usual clever but sinister motives, the New York *American* advances the theory that "the higher duty on stockings is doubtless advocated by the safety-deposit companies." No one questions the fact that too many stockings have been used for the "safety deposits" of their owners' savings, especially since the late panic. But, with the return of prosperity in the Taft administration and with the increased confidence in business, one sees a movement to remove the stocking from the closet and to put it on foot.

Excellent advice is given by the Milwaukee *Sentinel* when it says, "Now let's hear from Santa Claus on the stocking tax." The Concord *Monitor* finds an answer to the question whether there should be an increase in the tariff on hosiery in "Nit." Doubtless through a typographical error, a "K" was omitted in the spelling of this word.

Of course pins are very small things, but the Newark *Star* sounds the following note of warning: "Increased tariff on pins will, of course, make women demand an increase of pin money." The men who have had experience in giving "pin money" are unanimous in their verdict that the increase will be no small thing. For this reason they are opposed to raising the tariff on pins.

The writer wants to close this paper on "The Ladies and the Tariff" with gloves. Certainly a very good thing to close with. To quote the flowery congressman again:

"The woman of average means is now the possessor of two pairs of gloves—one for common, every-day wear; the other for dress. Enact this schedule, and she will be able to purchase only one pair. Is this fair or right? We gaze with unfeigned rapture on the lily-white hands and tapering fingers of our wives, daughters, and sweethearts. How can the daughter of Eve keep this precious and adorable portion of her body in good condition, so that it will continue to compel the adoration of the sterner sex, if she be deprived of the consolation and protection of the glove?"

As to the increase of duty on gloves, the author of the Payne bill "points out"—to quote the words of *Current Literature*—"that a similar increase in the rate on men's gloves was made in 1897, and has resulted in our manufacturing ninety per cent. of those gloves here, whereas we then manufactured but five per cent. Mr. Payne wishes to do the same thing now with women's gloves. We make but five per cent. of them and import ninety-five per cent. By making the duty the same as that on men's gloves, he believes work will be made in this country in a year or two for 50,000 more persons in that industry alone." That assertion of "work for 50,000 more persons" should receive the most careful consideration of the legislators at Washington, even if a few of the "delicately tinted" and "daintily perfumed" notes of their mail should go unread.

If "Abe" Lincoln were alive he would possibly send the following message to Congress:

"You can please all the women some of the time, you can please some of the women all the time, but you can't please all of the women all of the time, any more than you can the men."

JAMES M. LEE.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water is a great aid to digestion.

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic
REVOLVER
Hammer the Hammer
is not a revolver for *you* to make temporarily safe by throwing on or off some button or lever, but a revolver that *we* have made *permanently* and *automatically* safe by the patented exclusive Iver Johnson construction.
Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the whole story. Send your name on a postal—it will be mailed free with our full catalogue.
Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickeled, 22 cal. rim fire or 32 cal. center fire, 3 in. barrel; or 38 cal. center fire, 3¼ inch barrel $6
Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center fire, 3 inch barrel; or 38 calibre center fire, 3¼ inch barrel $7
Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost.
Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.
Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 153 River St. Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers St. Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 1
San Francisco: Phil B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

A. MOUSE, REAL MAN, IS ARRESTED.

"I have just caught A. Mouse, your honor," said Policeman Van Cleave, when he arraigned a husky prisoner before Magistrate Dooley in a Brooklyn police court.

"What are you bringing it here for?" asked the busy judge, without looking up from his papers. "Why don't you get a cat?"

"But this ain't that kind of a mouse," said Van Cleave. "This is a human Mouse. I arrested him for blocking traffic on Myrtle Avenue."

"A mouse blocking traffic?" mused the magistrate, glancing at the prisoner for the first time. "That's a new one on me. He's a well-fed Mouse, too. What's your name, young man?"

"Albert Mouse."

"Where's your nest?"

"No. 219 Central Avenue."

"Any little mice?"

"Three," laughed the big Mouse.

"Half a hundred angry drivers were cursing him," said the policeman, "and when I arrived he was the most frightened Mouse you ever saw."

"You may go this time, Mouse," said Magistrate Dooley; "but avoid such traps in the future."

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES.

Incorrigible Johnny Jones
Once played a naughty prank.
His mother said, as she prepared
Her hopeful son to spank,
"Though stock quotations I don't read
As brokers do in town,
I feel that shirts are going up
And trousers going down."
—*Columbia Jester.*

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MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK
Absolutely Fireproof
The finest type of modern hotel architecture in New York. Beautifully furnished. Comfort and luxurious ease.
Located in the very heart of New York, where all the life and fashion of the metropolis centre.
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Room and Bath . . . . $2.50 and upward
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath . . . $5.00
Service and cuisine far famed for their excellence. Delightful music afternoon and evening.
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Beware of counterfeits.
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Sold Everywhere.

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U. S. Agents, New York.

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"Well, I'm glad to see one of you wretched aliens has brought his own nest for once!"—*London Punch.*

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The Great Spread for Bread

Use it instead of other sweets; you'll enjoy the flavor and be benefited by its purity.

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THE IMPROVED
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THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

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Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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Boston, Mass.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

HARD OF HEARING.

Tapeur (always hard up, to his old friend Pingre)—"Oh, I say, old man, could you lend me five francs?"

Pingre (affecting to be very deaf)—"What say? I'm very hard of hearing."

Tapeur—"I said, 'Could you lend me ten francs?'"

Pingre—"Ten francs! Why, sapristi, my dear chap—just now you only wanted five!"—*Paris Gaulois.*

M. D. (MONEY DOWN).

Madame—"Oh, doctor, I owe you my life!"

The doctor—"But—there is my bill also, madame!"—*Le Rire.*

MOTOR GOOSE RHYME.

Sing a song of motors,
Whizzing à la mode;
Four and twenty victims
Killed on the road.
When the copper hails him,
The chauffeur speeds his pace;
Isn't that a pretty way
To treat the human race!
—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

ESTABLISHED 1810

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

Bottled in Bond, it goes direct, in its natural condition, to the consumer in bottles sealed with U. S. Government stamps. Not less than four years old and 100 proof when bottled, there is nothing quite so good as

OLD OVERHOLT RYE.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

AFTER HIM.

"Satan is represented as runnin' after folks wif a pitchfork," said Uncle Eben, "when de truth is dat so many folks is pullin' at his coattails dat he ain't got time to chase nobody."—*Washington Star.*

AT THE GOLF LINKS.

Professor (deliberately)—"——— !!!! And—I—don't—apologize!"—*London Punch.*

A GILDED YOUTH.

"I believe I'll go in for ballooning a bit. It seems to be the thing."

"What kind of a balloon shall you buy?"

"Oh, I'll have a touring affair, a cloud-climber, a balloonette, and a light flyabout for town use."—*Kansas City Star.*

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Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

U. S. Internal Revenue Officers direct the sealing with Government "Green Stamp" of every bottle of

Sunny Brook
THE PURE FOOD
Whiskey

Age only has mellowed and flavored this rare old Kentucky Whiskey.

ASK FOR IT

Sunny Brook Distillery Co.
Jefferson Co.
Ky.

PUT IT ON HIMSELF.

"I thought you were working on Smith's new house," said the house painter's friend.

"I was going to," replied the house painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"And did he do it?"

"Yes; that is where he put most of it."—*Christian Advocate.*

A few dashes of Abbott's Bitters on sliced oranges makes a delectable dish.

WHEN WOMEN SAIL SHIPS.

That everything should be neat and shipshape is most important aboard a yacht. A writer in the *Mariner's Advocate* tells the story of the captain of a certain sloop, who crossed the deck in a hurry, seemingly very much perplexed. A lady stopped him and asked what the trouble was.

"The fact is, ma'am," he said, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under water nearly all the time, no one will notice it."

BOOSTING BUSINESS.

Drummer—"You boosted for the school committee to get a pretty schoolteacher from the town. Why, you haven't any children!"

Storekeeper Jason—"No; but, stranger, I had an eye on business. As soon as the pretty teacher arrived all the big boys began sneaking down here and buying hair-oil, clean collars, and sweet soap by the wholesale."—*Chicago News.*

WARNED IN TIME.

Miss de Flirte—"Oh, don't mind Towser—his bark is worse than his bite."

Mr. Softey (who has just been bitten)—"Good gracious! I hope he won't bark!"—*Skits.*

PIMPLES DISAPPEAR
NO MEDICINE OR PREPARATION

Certain simple newly-discovered rules in regard to diet and care of the face, will remove the cause, and make your face clear and bright. In four days you will look in the glass and shout for joy. **These rules sent on receipt of 25c** (in plain envelope). **Address P. O. Box 112, Chicago, Ill.**

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Particularly Desirable after Dinner

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MADE OF LINEN
1/4 SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ 1/4 SIZES

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A Bottled Delight

When you mix a cocktail, you take chances. When you use CLUB COCKTAILS you don't even have to mix. Just pour over cracked ice and you'll have the most delicious and satisfying drink you ever tasted.

They can't help being better than the mixed at random kind.

Martini (gin base) Manhattan (whiskey base) are always popular

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford
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THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.

If all our future Presidents
As large as Taft should be,
'Twere well to cast aside the chair
And use a broad settee.

ETTA ANTHONY BAKER.

HIS YIELD.

"Well, doctor, did you get the dime out of that boy that accidentally swallowed it?"

"Yes, sir; and a dollar-fifty out of the father of the boy."

AN ACTUAL FACT.

There once was a messenger boy,
Reginald Jones by name.
He injured himself while running—
To see a baseball game.

NINE A.M.

"Is the servant question a live one with you?"

Well, not just now—she's sleeping."

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water."

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City.

PROFITS BY EXPERIENCE.

She (with a pout)—"A man always treats his second wife better."

He (blandly)—"After a man has been once stung with a balky horse he uses more intelligence in picking out another."

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. A little higher in price perhaps than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

Get Mennen's (the original) Sample Free

GERHARD MENNEN CO. Newark, N.J.

HER ANSWER.

I wants to be an actress grand,
With cabs and dresses on demand.
But if my way I can't just see,
Why, honest, dear, I 'll marry thee.

A STALE TALE.

"And now, little boys," said the new governess, "would you like to hear a story about the giants?"

"The Giants!" echoed Harold Van Albert disdainfully. "Aw, no; they lost to-day. Tell us something about the Americans."

LACKING.

Two failures met. Said one, "My word!
We two must quickly find a third;
Just two are not enough, I guess,
One more—and we'll create success."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

OPPORTUNITIES.

"Opportunities are dancing on every man's desk!" shouted the high-browed lecturer.

"Yes; but they ain't half so liable to bite ye as the spring fever or fishin' germ," echoed the chronic grouch.

FOR CONSCIENCE'S SAKE.

Cuffey—"Why has Komposer moved to Lincoln—to be near Bryan?"

Parkless—"No; he moved there so his conscience would be clear while he was composing his forthcoming book entitled 'Genuine Lincoln Stories.'"

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The Whittier Inn

Sea Gate, New York Harbor

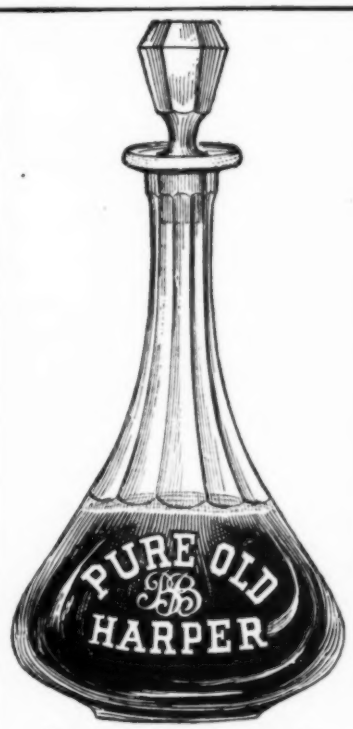
On the Ocean and near the City

Located in a Beautiful Residential Private Park

OPEN ALL THE YEAR

A refined, quiet, high-class hotel catering to people of discrimination. It appeals particularly to Automobilists. Easily accessible from Manhattan via Brooklyn Electrics; by hourly private boat to and from the Battery, N. Y., or by automobile via Ocean Parkway and other fine roads. Bus service. Excellent beach for bathing. Shower baths, dressing rooms, etc., in hotel. Tennis, rowing, sailing, etc. Three near-by cottages with hotel service afford exclusive accommodations. Booklet and rates upon application.

L. W. WHITTIER, Prop.



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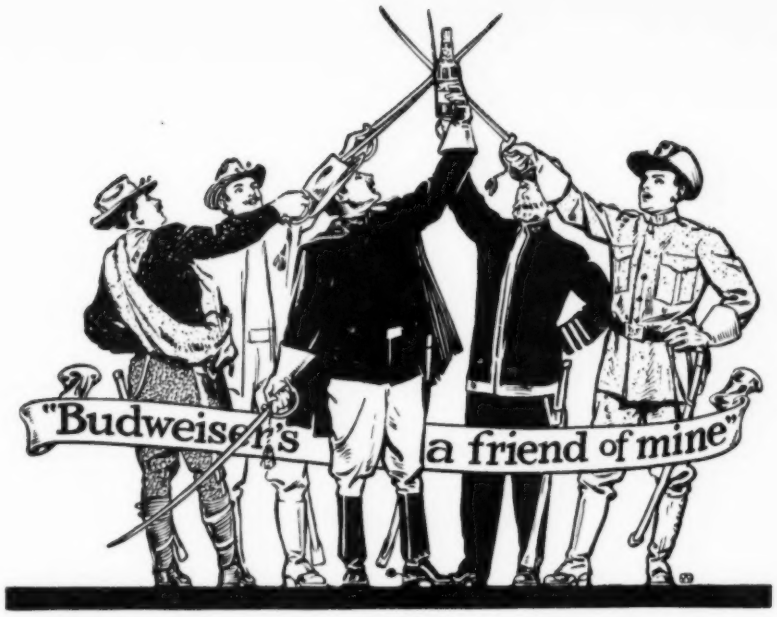

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These are the type of men sworn to defend the glory and honor of the nation by land and by sea—to uphold Law and Justice—to protect our property and our lives—and guard our homes when we sleep. Must they not, of necessity, be strong, healthy, full blooded and brave? Every one knows that the most popular beverage of such men is

Budweiser

The King of All Bottled Beers

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Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, U. S. A.
CORKED or with CROWN CAPS

BUDWEISER is served at all *first class Hotels, Clubs* and Cafes throughout the world.

THE BLUE AND WHITE WAY.

Why should we go to see a show
Along the Gay White Way?
In college here we've plays galore
Before us every day.

As Freshman we can see Van Am,
"The Lion and the Mouse;"
When Sophs 'tis Prexy Butler—
"The Servant in the House."

We see the Bursar "Paid in Full;"
Exams.—"The Third Degree;"
And Football still "The Fighting Hope,"
In spite of Faculty.

At Barnard there's "The Fair Co-ed,"
Those "Girls of Happyland."
Indeed, "What Every Woman Knows"
We may of them demand.

"A Fool There Was," who thought he'd try
Some "Via Wireless" play;
"The Dawn of a To-morrow" proved
The 'phone "The Easiest Way."

Then Chandler's talks on germs and things—
They surely must afford a
Sense of pleasure; he shows how
He keeps "His House in Order."

Or to the Commons let us go,
And brave with all imprudence
"The Girl Behind the Counter," who
Hands microbes to the students.

"A Witching Hour" every night
Was spent by daring Hectors,
Who strolled with maids "In Newport" who
Outshone "The Girl from Rector's."

E'en when "The Devil" himself succeeds
In o'ercoming "The Goddess of Reason,"
And we are "Caught in the Rain" of F's,
At "The Round-Up" of the season,

"The Traveling Salesman" packs his goods,
And then "The Man from Home," he
Laughs at the "Follies of Nineteen-Nine,"
And goes to see "Salome."

—*Columbia Spectator.*

HEARD ON THE CAMPUS.

Biggs, '11—"Why are the tugs on the Wisconsin River like the co-eds who walk up and down State Street?"

Muggs, '12—"And the answer is?"

Biggs, '11—"Some toe out, and some toe in."—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

THE COLLEGE POLE VAULTER.

"Who's that tall, skinny gink over there with the vaulting pole in his hand?"

"That's Slavinski, our Pole vaulter."
—*Columbia Jester.*

The merry widow of to-day is often the married woman of to-morrow.—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*

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ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

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CAMBRIDGE *the regular size*
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In Little Brown Boxes

BARBERS MAKE SIDE MONEY
The best thing out. Travel anywhere and make good money. Write at once.
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2,000,000 Acres of Fish and Game Preserve

A woodland paradise for the fisherman and camper, 2,000 feet above sea level.

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of Ontario

Speckled trout, salmon trout and black bass abound in the 1,200 lakes and rivers of this vast territory.

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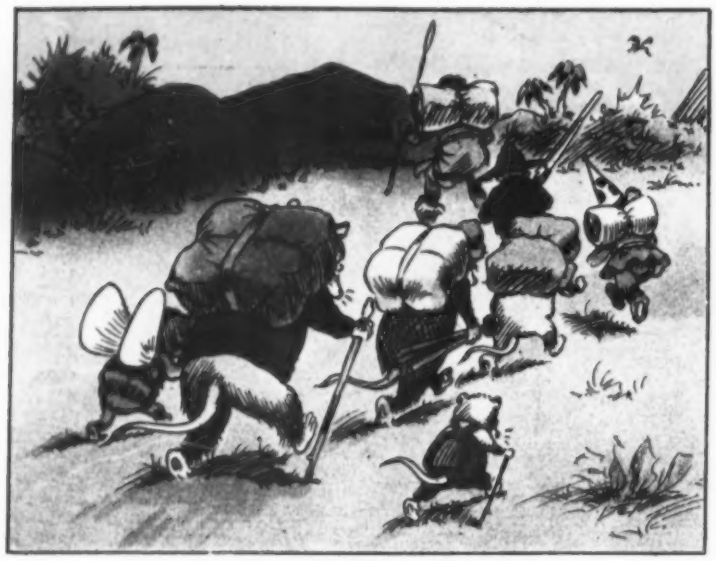
Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TAFFY 'POSSUMS.

JOHN AND HIS PLUCKY 'POSSUM BAND GO HUNTING GAME IN AFRIC'S LAND.



1. Inspired by tales of Roosevelt's pluck,
In Africa John tries his luck.
They find a skillful native guide
To show them where the tigers hide.

2. When night comes on they pitch their tent,
And Johnny, with vast discontent,
Blows up the huge pneumatic bed—
The guide lights up the fire instead.

3. While they 're at work a tiger thin,
Who smells the food, comes rushing in.
The guide at once in terror fled—
The rest all hide behind the bed.

4 The tiger leaps and strikes the tire,
Rebounding back into the fire.
He screams with anger, pain, dismay,
And does not like that kind of play.

5. His fur is scorched, his skin is torn,
He 's hungry still, but quite forlorn!
Behind the bed, snug and secure,
The band watch his discomfiture.

6. As tiger disappears from sight
The band take pictures of his flight.
But John feels sort of scared inside
At the desertion of their guide.

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